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ALL NIGHT!!!



53

CHRISTINE MCQUEEN



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DON'T MISS
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LABEL CALENDAR
WITH THE NEXT
ISSUE



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HELLO HANDSOME,

HAVE you ever fantasised about a troupe of the sexiest, hottest girls in town hijacking your building and taking over, Die Hard style?

Well that's exactly what happened at Black Label this month.

The magazine has kindly invited me, Christine McQueen, Australia's reigning queen of private elite escorts, to guest edit this issue. It's a *very* friendly takeover and I have loved having my own hotter-than-hell men's mag as my playground.

I am thrilled to be rocking this month's issue, especially as summer is nearly here - and we all know that means lots of sun, surf, fun, parties and let's not forget an abundance of HOT SEX!

I am starting the season strong with my appearance on Black Label's cover. I'm not going to lie, guys... I pretty much wrote the book on the elite escort porn experience. My greatest wish is to spoil you; that's how I roll. I celebrate all that is sexually uninhibited in this month's issue – I like to showcase a feast for the eyes.

The reason I top the elite circle of women working in the industry is because I love what I do, have an insatiable hunger for sex and love to fly my freak flag more than anyone in the biz. My double page girl-on-girl spread with my new favourite doubles partner, Charlie, blew my mind. In our scorching office spread I know how to whip her hot new secretarial skills into shape #likeaboss. You're welcome.

I am salivating at the idea of connecting with you horny guys in the Penthouse community. Have I ever used the office phone to pleasure myself when those client requests get too hot and heavy for a girl to handle? I'll have to leave that to your imagination. But I'm very in touch with my bad girl so take a guess.

I hope to hear from you juicy new clients and – if you're feeling dangerous – potential new women for the books. I had a girl-on-girl ball taking care of business for this issue. I hope you love our scorching hot photos as much as we loved shooting them. My mission in life is to transform your every whim and fantasy into one hell of a sexy reality.

XXX CHRISTINE MCQUEEN

christinemcqueen@gmail.com
0434 709 067

PS. Check out my website christinemcqueen.com.au from 10 December for all the behind the scenes debauchery and more pictures.



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EVENT PLANNER

SEXPO

16-19 NOV

Melbourne

Australia's biggest and best sex and lifestyle event is back, and this time they're bringing porn legends Ron Jeremy and Lisa Ann along for the ride. As always with Sexpo, you can expect hundreds of exhibitors, racy entertainment, fetish demos, beautiful women and more dildos than you can poke a stick at. sexpo.com.au

NEON GLOW PARTY AT OUR SECRET SPOT

25 NOV

Sydney

Take your clothes off, get your neon on and glow crazy at Our Secret Spot's neon glow party. This party shines a light on the fact that swingers parties don't have to be serious to be sexy. Visit oursecretspot.com.au

PAJAMA PARTY AT THE PLEASURE LOUNGE

24 NOV

Perth

It's time to pack up the winter woolies, say goodbye to spring and welcome in summer in the best way possible... with a good ole fashioned pajama party at the Pleasure Lounge. Tickets must be pre-purchased prior to the event. Pack your sexiest sleepwear and secure your invite at redhotpie.com.au

TROPICAL QLD RESORT GETAWAY

NOV 2017 & JAN 2018

Far North Queensland

Nestled between the gorgeous North Queensland rainforest and the amazing wonders of the Great Barrier Reef is the site of Australia's only couples exclusive, clothing optional resort. Aine Events invite open-minded couples to join them for seven exotic nights of adults only fun. Can't get away in November? 2018 dates are also available. aineevents.com

ROLEPLAY YOUR WAY

26 NOV

Melbourne

Roleplay offers a way to explore your erotic fantasies in a playful, liberating, revealing and sometimes intense way. It can be a powerful way to get out of a sexual rut and discover new turn ons. This workshop will teach you how to tap into your fantasies and breathe life into your roleplays.

RULE 34

6 DEC

Sydney

Rule 34 means "if it exists or can be imagined, there is porn of it". No exceptions! Erotic, absurd, fearless, funny and always unexpected - Rule 34 is a part performance, part storytelling event held monthly at Camelot Lounge in Marrickville that isn't afraid to make things weird. So wrong it's right.

facebook.com/rule34club

RED HEAVEN'S WHITE CHRISTMAS

16 DEC

Sydney

Christmas is coming early with Red Heaven! For the uninitiated, Red Heaven is a party for open minded, curious, people who want to party in a safe, hassle free environment with like-minded individuals. Are you going to play naughty or nice? Visit redheaven.net for details.

MISS NOVEMBER FROM THE BLACK LABEL CALENDAR



Want to see your event here? Email amie@phpublications.com



INTERVIEW

5

MINUTES WITH LISA ANN

EVERYONE Loves watching Lisa Ann get it on - us included. We caught up with the world's most popular pornstar when she was in Australia recently to talk condoms, kangaroos and regrets.

Is this your first time to Australia?

No, I've been to quite a few Sexpos before. I've done Brisbane before, the Gold Coast, Sydney and Perth.

You've seen more of Australia than we have. Do you enjoy it here?

Oh, that's funny. Love it. I love the people here. Everybody's just so happy and relaxed and, you know, it's just not crazy like United States.

What's your favourite Australian animal?

I think probably the kangaroos. I mean, they're just funny to look at, the way their legs are, the way they move. I mean, they're just a bizarre animal.

You've got a book, you've been an actress and even a director. Now you've got a radio show. How's that going?

I love it. I do a sports show. Sports are my passion, and it's fantasy sport so it's fun to know that I traded one fantasy for the next. And now I'm living in this world where I feel young in this world, whereas I started to feel a little bit older in the adult business. When I hit my forties, I was like, "Okay, I'm a little bit older here," and when I entered into this new world, I felt young and fresh again. So it's just great to challenge yourself and learn something new.

How long have you been a fan of sports? Has sports always been a part of your life?

I grew up in a big sports family, and our thing that we did together was go to games, so it just became something where it was a great escape. You can be anywhere and see someone wearing a hat and talk about their team. And so it's just a great common ground, you know what I mean? Sports really bring



out passion in people. And, for me, you know, I'm in the best shape of my life now because I have a better schedule – I don't work as much. So I'm able to spend more time at the gym and really enjoy it, eat a very specific diet when I'm home, and it's just helped me stay competitive, healthy, fit, and involved, you know.

So what are your favourite sports?

Baseball, hockey and golf.

What are some of the things that you wish you knew when you started in the industry?

I was very lucky to have some really good mentors that gave me the guidance. So I try to tell them to make friends outside of the industry, which I've always had friends outside of the industry so that when you do retire or you do want a break or you do need something you can go to people that aren't involved in your work life. It's just like anything else. You want to have people outside of your element so you can communicate with them and they can guide you in different directions. I also always talk to the girls about the lifestyle. I've been very fortunate, and I knock on wood every day because I had a good enough foundation in my

life. The drugs never took me. Alcohol never took me.

What do you think the secret to your enduring popularity is?

I asked a lot of people that this weekend at Sexpo, and it was a lot of couples, and they told me that they love the passion in my scenes. I told them the passion came from me always picking who I worked with, because I wanted to be sexually attracted to the guys and the girls that I worked with. I wanted to enjoy my time with them, and I wanted it to read on film as a shared experience that we were both really enjoying. And that was something that I thought was interesting.



REVIEW

HOLY BATTPUG

GEEKYSEXTOYS.COM

GET the Battplug, Robin!

If you get a kick out of cosplay, the Battplug from Geeky Sex Toys is guaranteed to give you action-packed climax (and a laugh).

On the day I first took this 3.5 inch silicone superhero home, I wasted no time in lubing him up before he descended into the underground depths of my Gotham tunnels... but quicker than you could say "deleted scene", one overly lubricated rubber bat flew from my fingers across the room. In the sequel though, I prepared a better grip and was able to park the Battplug securely in my buttcafe.

The toy has a decent circumference of four inches wide, making it unlikely to fly out of your arse while you're fighting (or fucking) crime.

This isn't just a toy for the girls though - if you're curious about butt stuff, the Battplug is guaranteed to make your Dark Knight rise and have you speaking in a language that requires subtitles.

Rumour has it, if you're playing alone, simply point your Battplug towards the sky to summon company.

Batman might be fictional but my orgasm certainly wasn't.

DALLAS RAYNE



CALENDAR GIRLS

As you can see, shooting the Black Label calendar was serious business. Well, as serious as it can be when you have twelve beautiful women straddling inflatable hotdogs. Laughter, a few capsized floaties and some unfortunate sunburnt bits aside, we are excited to bring you our 2018 Black Label calendar which will come FREE with our December issue. Don't miss it.

Photography: Emma from The Black Light.

JASMINE JAYY



PHOEBE FROM THE PALACE



ANGELIQUE NOIR, TIFFANY LUX & HOPE MORGAN



ELLE KNOX

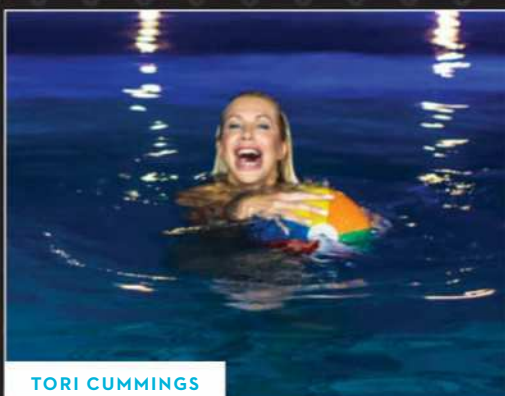


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HANDS-ON MANAGEMENT

WHAT'S CHRISTINE MCQUEEN'S FAVOURITE
POSITION? CEO, OF COURSE.

Models: Christine McQueen & Charli Dean
Photography: iCandy Productions















The snack with active probiotics...



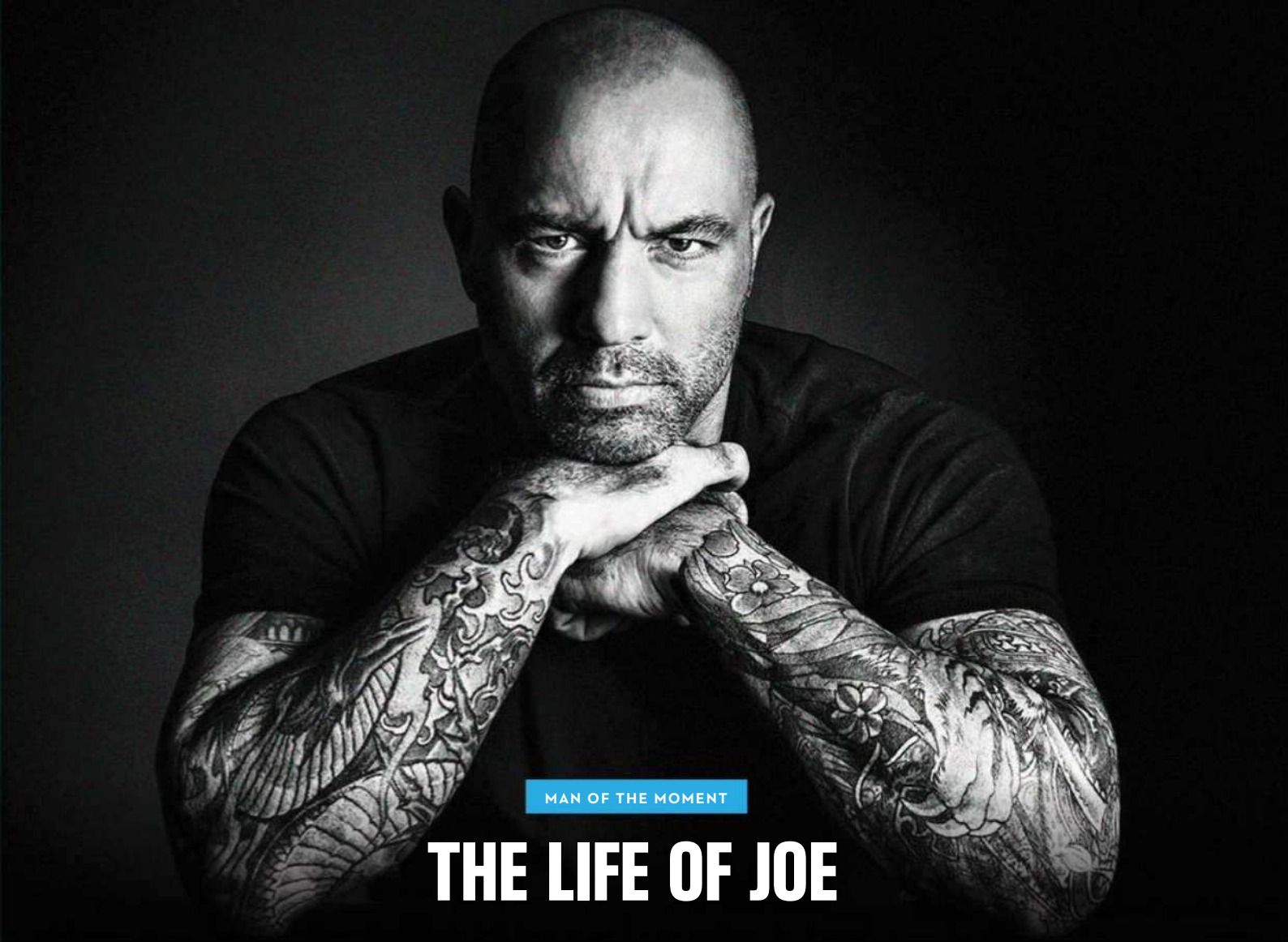
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MAN OF THE MOMENT

THE LIFE OF JOE

RECALL for a moment the TV series *Fear Factor* – the show in which dumb, twangy-accented Americans did ridiculous things for moderate amounts of cash.

In one infamous episode, the contestants were challenged to drink donkey semen – a big jug of it. It was coined the 'Donkey Juice' challenge, and it was the reason the show got cancelled – which is unfortunate, because it sure was fun watching idiots do stupid shit for money.

In a great stand-up bit, Joe Rogan, the smiling, screaming host of the show, spoke about the absurdity of his job: "I can't even believe it's a real show... four years later I'm standing next to a girl with a mouth full of animal dicks yelling, *you can do it*, you hang in there, relax, *breathe*, concentrate... and she's taking my advice!"

Now Rogan sits atop the American podcast world. The transition from a reality TV show host dabbling in donkey dicks and jugs of semen to one of America's most popular podcasters, and easily the most well-known Ultimate Fighting Championship commentator ever, was fuelled by a fear of sucking.

"I was terrified of being a loser," he told *Rolling Stone* in a 2015 interview. "Super-terrified of being someone who people just go, 'Oh, look at that fucking loser.' You know?"

After a bullying incident in school that ended with Rogan in a headlock, he vowed to never let someone physically get the better of him again and took up martial arts – karate, taekwondo,

kick boxing and eventually Brazilian Jiu Jitsu, in which he holds a black belt.

In 2002 Rogan became a colour commentator for the UFC. "He's educated more people in mixed martial arts than anybody ever," says UFC president Dana White. "He's the best fight announcer who has ever called a fight in the history of fighting."

Two years later, he launched *The Joe Rogan Experience*. Within nine months it had made its way onto the iTunes Top 100 podcasts list and was voted Best Comedy Podcast by iTunes users in 2012. His unique blend of stoner philosophy, fondness for marijuana and a strict, no-bullshit attitude has earned him a special place on the internet and in people's hearts.

And it's still working. *The Joe Rogan Experience* has achieved more than 313 million lifetime views and has attracted more than 1.3 million subscribers. According to *Socialblade.com*, a YouTube statistic tracker, Rogan currently nets up to US\$114,500 per month and up to US\$1.4 million a year from his podcasts alone.

Guests include conspiracy theorists such as Alex Jones, stargazer Neil deGrasse Tyson, former CIA operatives, Tommy Chong, former porn stars, MMA personalities, comics, actors, influencers, army vets and all-round inspiring people, making it one of the most diverse podcasts out there. If there were an agenda, it would be to inspire you to get off your arse, hit the gym, open your mind, get outside of your comfort zone and not be a loser. **1**



TECH

BEST HEALTH APPS

If you're trying to lose weight, get in shape, track your workout progress or clear your head, there is a range of fitness and health apps that will help you achieve your goals. The benefit of an app is that as long as you've got your phone in your pocket (which, let's face it, is practically all the time) it's always with you. They're comprehensive, personal and effective; it's just up to the person using it to stick with it. The results are worth the hard work.

Give it time and you will feel better. Exercise for mental health is a no-brainer. Walking, running or a gym session help shake off stress or lift a low mood — there are reams of scientific data to back this up. So download an app, set a goal and have a crack.



MIND HEADSPACE

I've been using Headspace for the past 12 months and I couldn't imagine my life without it. Put simply, it has changed my world for the better. No more anxiety, depressive thoughts or sadness. I've gained control of my mind and in general been much calmer. According to neuroscientists, your brain actually reshapes itself as you continue to meditate, even though you're not aware of it. During meditation your mind activates the 'rest and digest' part of the nervous system, which helps with stress management. In Tim Ferris's *Tools of Titans*, he notes that most billionaires and world-class performers meditate in some capacity day-to-day.

Price: Free to start with additional paid content



BODY MY FITNESS PAL

If you want a simple way to track your food intake, including fats, calories and proteins, My Fitness Pal is your go-to. Whenever you have a meal you add the foods that you're eating along with the serving size. The app has a surprisingly large database of foods and brands with all the nutritional info already saved (you can also scan the barcode of whatever you're eating which is really handy), and it's easy to input your own. After some quick calculations My Fitness Pal tells you what's needed for the day to fulfil your fitness goals. It helps you keep track of where you're at, what's possibly contributing to weight gain and when you should lay off the chocolate or saturated fats.

Price: Free (paid option)



MUSCLE POCKET YOGA

For those wishing to do a little yoga at home, Pocket Yoga makes a great companion. Anyone who trains regularly, plays contact sport or sits in an office five days a week can attest to the body getting a little sore and beaten up. I started doing yoga with the goal of becoming more flexible, correcting any imbalances and stretching out aches in my body, and the results have been fantastic. I train daily and work regular hours, so I don't have time to schedule in yoga. Using Pocket Yoga, I can whip out a quick session of 30, 45 or 60 minutes in the morning before work or afterwards in the comfort of my own home. It caters to all levels, from beginner to intermediate and expert.

Price: \$4.50



SPORT

RAGING BULL

WHEN AN ICONIC ITALIAN SPORTS CAR MANUFACTURER
UPDATES ITS FLAGSHIP MACHINE, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT
IT'S NOT JUST CHANGE FOR CHANGE'S SAKE

BY KARL PESKETT





SUPERHEATED gases shoot upwards, catapulting rocks the size of bowling balls hundreds of metres into the air. Luminous red geysers hiss and spit, while glowing liquid granite oozes underneath a blackened crust that will melt any metal it touches. At 700 degrees celsius, there isn't much that lava doesn't devastate.

These sorts of scenes are commonplace on the east coast of Sicily. Standing 3350 metres tall, Mount Etna is one of the most active volcanoes in the world and one of its spectacular eruptions was filmed as the backdrop for the Anakin versus Obi-Wan battle in *Star Wars Episode III*. Another film crew wasn't so lucky. In March this year, a team from the *BBC* trying to capture one of Etna's angry outbursts managed to get caught in a rain of fire and sulphur. Heart rates trebled among the crew, who fortunately came away mostly unscathed, apart from a few cuts, burns and bruises.

It's the unpredictability of these mountainous monsters that makes them so appealing. Volcanologists work hand in hand with seismologists to give advance warning, but the truth is until one goes off, you don't really appreciate how much power there is behind these colossal beasts.

There's another indomitable Italian that once it goes off, taps into a human's flight or fight reflex. It has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of power and, just like Mount Etna, it also spits fire.

To start it, you flip up a small cover that reveals a bright red button. Channelling your inner Kim Jong-un, you push down what looks like a missile launch controller. What follows sets the tone for the car – the starter motor briefly spins and the engine fires into life with a hugely excessive flare of the throttle. Loud, over the top, unnecessary, but completely addictive – this is the Lamborghini Aventador S.

You say you've seen it before? Oh, no, that's the old one. This one has an S on the end, which makes all the difference. Seriously.

The designer took the original and mashed elements from a space shuttle, a snake and a shark together, but the result actually combines function and form. Thanks to the new front splitter and its fins and fangs, downforce has been increased by 130 per cent. The new three-outlet shuttle exhaust also prevents the fire-spitting engine from lighting up the car, which occurred a bit too often for Lamborghini's liking. In fact, the entire car has had a thorough going over, making the extra S in the name completely justified. There is a new stability control program, interior changes, the brakes have been upgraded, and it sports a new set of boots. But the real news is the addition of rear-wheel steering.

At low speeds this turns the wheels in the opposite direction to the front wheels, effectively shortening the wheelbase, making car-park turns a whole lot easier. At higher speeds it works the opposite way, turning the back wheels in the same direction as the fronts, giving a virtual longer wheelbase, which aids high-speed stability. Couple that with reduced drag, and on paper the Aventador S is a very impressive machine indeed.

But who cares about the brochure, anyway? You want to know how hard it goes, right? Put simply: it's ballistic.

It's not often you're thrown the keys to an \$800,000 machine and told to go nuts. And that didn't happen here either. Instead, Lamborghini invited us to test out its wares in the safe confines of a racetrack; Phillip Island Grand Prix Circuit, to be precise. We were put under the watchful eye of the instructors at the Accademia Lamborghini, where it was all about teaching you how to handle this brutal beast.

With an instructor in front in the same type of car, we were able to



follow his lines to learn the track. Brake here, turn in there, full throttle here. Boring. A quick word with the instructor and we picked up the pace. And hoo boy, does this thing have some pace. Suddenly we're topping 290km/h on the main straight, looking at the ocean ahead, wondering whether we'll end up spearing off the track and become great-white fodder. It's a good thing, then, that the brakes are now up to the task.

While the original Aventador was equal parts beauty and beast, its worst quality wasn't the cricket-bat-to-the-head gear changes – it was the stoppers. Even on public roads, they would overheat, so you can imagine how potentially dangerous they were on track. The Aventador S, however, has used the new aero package to more effectively cool the brakes, and the final product has paid off. All four cars at the track ran all day without a hint of brake fade, reliably and authoritatively washing the speed off, lap after lap.

The engine has also come in for an upgrade, producing a mammoth 525kW (or 740hp in the old money) and 690Nm from its 6.5-litre V12. And there's not a single turbo or supercharger in sight. At 4000rpm, the motor has a resonance that echoes through the cabin (and your head), and as it continues climbing toward its 8500rpm ceiling, it utters a wail like no other motor around. Pull one of the large paddle shifters to downshift, and it blips and then crackles and bangs on the overrun, like Yosemite Sam with a pair of AK-47s.

From a standing start, it will hit 100km/h in just 2.9 seconds. That's quicker than it took you to read that sentence. Keep the foot buried, and it hits 200km/h in 8.8 seconds. With enough road, you'll crack 350km/h before the laws of physics rein you in. Yes, this is the fastest car you can buy in Australia straight off the showroom floor.

Tip it into a corner and it darts across, with rear wheels pointing

CHANNELLING YOUR INNER KIM JONG-UN, YOU PUSH DOWN WHAT LOOKS LIKE A MISSILE LAUNCH CONTROLLER

it in the right direction. It sharply cuts a clean line to the apex, deftly communicating with your fingertips, relaying its grip levels and surface condition. It chats with you, involves you in the decision-making process and, unlike the old Aventador, it never threatens to rip your head off in anger. That said, the brutal gear changes do warrant the occasional visit to the physio to realign your neck – the car may have improved out of sight, but the gearbox is still decidedly old-school.

It's still as beautiful inside with bespoke leather surfaces, a fighter-jet instrument display and toggle switches for the main controls. But it's a pain to get into, it's a pain to see out of, has minimal storage, reversing it causes heart palpitations, and it's wider than Saturn. Does anyone care, though? I mean, come on – it has scissor doors. Game over.

The Aventador S is a proper Lamborghini. It's brutally quick, looks like a spaceship, has a missile launcher for a start button, spits flames at night, and makes more noise than a Trump protest. At \$788,914 before options and on-roads, it ends up being a near-seven-figure machine, but few sports cars can match it for pure theatre or desirability.

It's not quite volcanic, but like Mount Etna, the Aventador S certainly is explosive. **1**

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OF
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Model: Gina Photography: Rocky Batchelor









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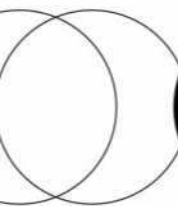
PG BUGATTI BIKE

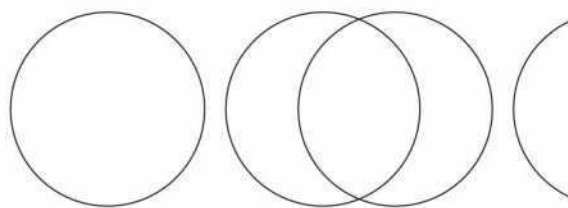
COMING in over \$50,000, this bike from Bugatti, the masterminds behind the world's fastest production cars the Veyron and Chiron, is something else. It weighs five kilograms, due largely to its 95 per cent carbon fibre construction. Built in conjunction with German bike company Pimp Garage, they've limited the run to only 667, in case you're rushing out to get more than one.



VOLATA BIKE

ARGUABLY the most high-tech bike on the market, the San Francisco-based Volata Cycles set out to make a bike that did it all, straight outta the showroom. The result is an intelligent bicycle that links to your phone with its own app and comes with a raft of features already installed, including automatic lights and an electronic horn (no pissy little bell here). The electronics are charged by a dynamo in the front wheel, so as long as you ride it, the battery will keep working. Neat.



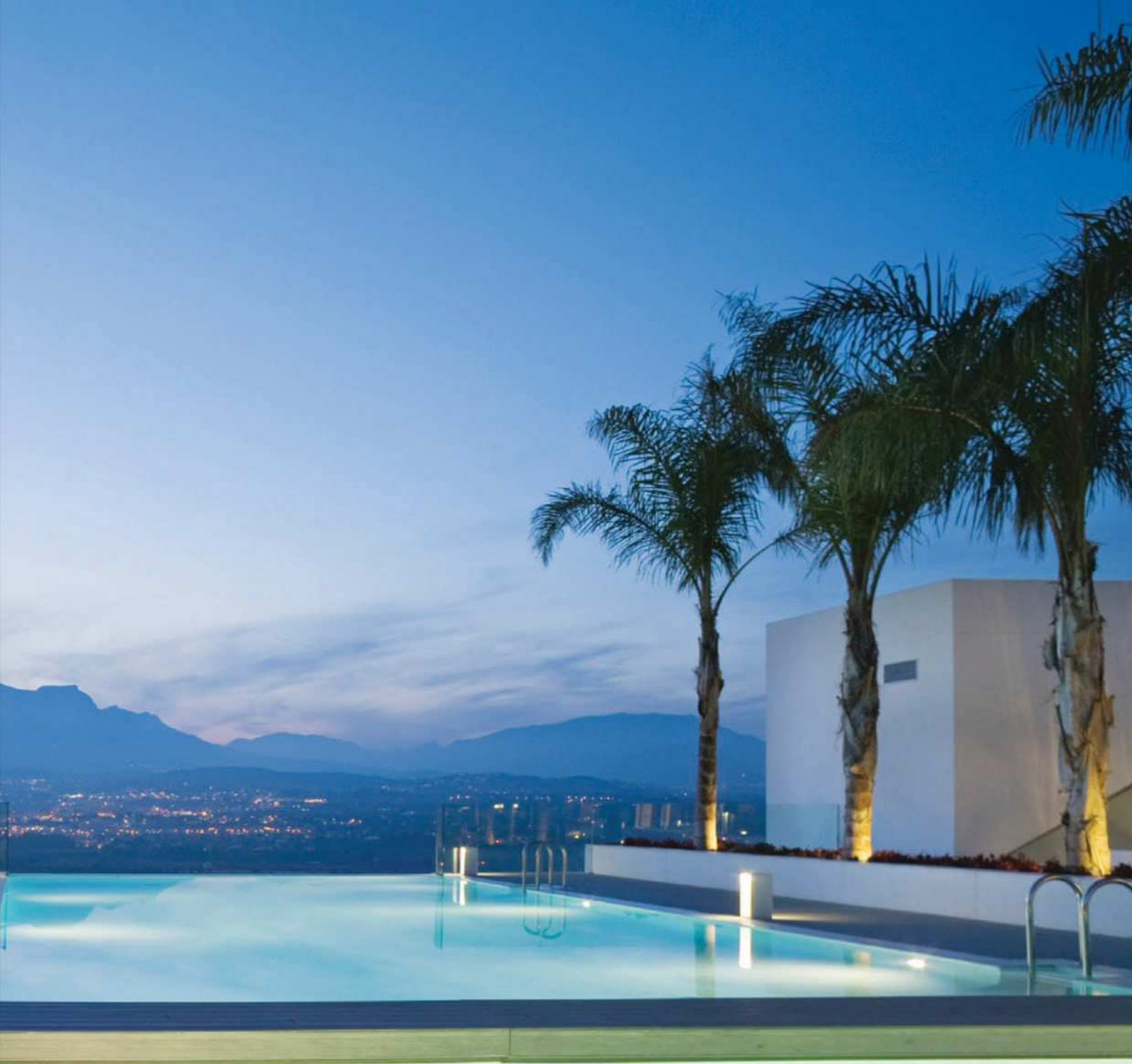


HEALTHY GETAWAY

WHETHER you're stressed from work or need an excuse to fuck off from the big city for a short while, taking a week for your mental health is the new black. Offering a range of options and activities, the health spa vacation is becoming increasingly prevalent in modern life – and it's easy to see why.

More expensive than your average break, what you fork out in dosh comes back in big returns for your state of mind and will have you arriving home fresh and energised instead of hungover and sunburnt. Here are some of the most OTT health retreats for your next trip out of town.





SHA WELLNESS CLINIC

This luxe Spanish medical hotel looks out to the Mediterranean Sea and has tailored programs to suit your needs, whether you need to de-stress or lose a few kegs. Pretty goddamn lush if you ask us.

HEALTH SPAS

CHIVA-SOM

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Let's jump straight in! What turns you on, Christine?

I think one of the reasons that I have been so successful is that I genuinely enjoy sex and turning men on. It's never a job for me; being a courtesan is an artform. There is one thing that I can't stand and that is an escort who doesn't bring any passion. Time is precious. As far as I am concerned if you walk into my space, I am going to blow your mind and rock your world. Sensual pleasure is one of life's greatest pleasures – so let's enjoy it.

What are the biggest misconceptions about the industry?

Oh my God, I am so bored with that question! For me, consensual sex with clients is such a great freedom and a given. What's to question? One of the biggest misconceptions is that escorts turn to adult entertainment out of need. In my experience, the industry attracts a judicious mix of fabulous women who are exploring their sexuality – from university students to MILFS looking for an extra lift in their life. Forget everything you thought you knew about escorts – adult entertainment attracts women from all walks of life and owning your beauty has become part of female empowerment.

Wow. Who the hell is your new doubles partner?

Oh yes... Charlie Dean. I have waited years for a woman who is the whole package: a sexy, gorgeous MILF. It's hard to believe that this was her first doubles shoot – she is a natural at roleplay and has a great imagination.

I won't lie: Charlie and I were in match condition but we busted with some serious pizza after the shoot #sorrynotsorry!

How would a man impress you at a booking?

Walk in knowing that I know even more about your body than you do. I would say, bring an open attitude and let me take care of the rest. Honestly, I know that it's normal to get pre-match nerves but as soon as we both start talking and communicating, everything will be in good hands. I say, let the bodies do the talking – the rest will follow. It has never failed me yet.

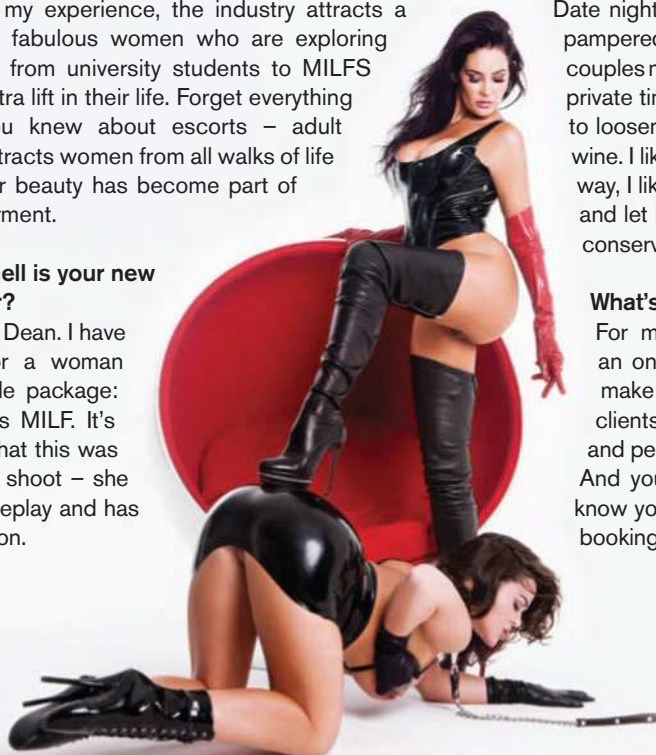
But boys, let's talk a little manscaping. I'll take it personally if you aren't ready for me. Come sex-prepared; it will be worth it.

What's your perfect date?

Date night: I spend the day getting primped and pampered. I'd love to have my man join in a couples massage, fraternising in the day spa - then private time in the suite with pre-dinner cocktails to loosen me up for sex before degustation and wine. I like to relax about the fucking early. By the way, I like to showcase my wardrobe to my man and let him choose the showstopping (or more conservative) outfit.

What's new for christinemcqueen.com.au?

For my longstanding lovers I have created an online concierge for clients who want to make their own bookings in their own time. My clients can browse my online virtual wardrobe and personally style me through click and drag. And you can communicate with me directly. I know you're naughty enough to make your own booking; but I'll do the rest. 🍷



LYING THROUGH YOUR TEETH

PROTESTING AGAINST SYDNEY'S LOCK-OUT LAWS LEADS TO A DENTAL DISASTER
AND AN ENLIGHTENING ENCOUNTER WITH GOD.

BY CHARLES WATERSTREET

AS a lawyer, I have been accused of lying through my teeth, which became difficult when two of the front ones fell out last Saturday night. To cut a long story short, I was innocently helping street artist Anthony Lister unveil a mural protesting against the lock-out laws which – in my experience – have led to an epidemic of locked jaw, due to the alternative availability of drugs that have no opening or closing times for sale. The glitterati of Sydney's Darlinghurst gathered to join the protest against the laws, which have ripped the heart out of Kings Cross and led to incredible wealth for the former nightclub owners who have sold off their properties to developers.

In any event, while I was posing in front of the mural, I got a call from Matt Barrie of *Freelancer.com* offering a spare ticket for a talk by astrophysicist extraordinaire Neil deGrasse Tyson. I've been a big star-struck, star-fucker all my life, so the opportunity to meet Tyson was irresistible.

I was running my usual half an hour late after grabbing a takeaway chicken roll from Miss Chu on William Street. While waiting for a cab and eating my roll, I caught a bone that must have

the absence of my two front teeth, I kept a stiff upper lip so as not to show it. By the end of his talk, Earth was a tiny blue pinprick on a gigantic wide screen. But the ultimate question of whether there is a God or not was clearly apparent, and that it was him.

The highlight of the evening was backstage wearing a VIP lanyard going to meet the man in person and have a photograph taken with him – making me the envy of 'grammers all over the world. As I lined up, toothless, I still wanted to make a big impression. So I bit my tongue (which ironically didn't hurt too much), but when Osher, aka Andrew G, said, "This is Charles Waterstreet, meet Neil!" My response, "Man! You're the black walkin' talkin' Stephen Hawkin!" caused his peripheral vision to zoom in on me, and I, unfortunately, smiled – revealing that I was all too human, unlike him. He grabbed me by the arm and demonstrated the international bonding of wordsmiths, not unlike the handshake of a Freemason. At least that's what I imagined.

We left the Convention Centre in search of food. There was nothing open at that time in the whole of Darling Harbour and the city. So we walked to Double Bay, which has been the provedore

ALTHOUGH I WAS DEEPLY DISTURBED BY THE ABSENCE OF MY TWO FRONT TEETH, I KEPT A STIFF UPPER LIP SO AS NOT TO SHOW IT.

been missed in the preparation. What I didn't realise as I spat it out onto the side of the road, and until I was actually in a cab, that 'bone' was, in fact, my two front teeth. And they were now turned loose somewhere on William Street.

I have made a small fortune for Sydney's dentists ever since Albury (my home town) famously decided not to put fluoride in the local water supply, because the mayor at the time was convinced it was a communist plot to poison the fairest and brightest of his city's young. Over the years my teeth have been filled with so many gold and metal fillings that when I jump into a pool I sink to the bottom.

I asked the driver to turn the cab around and unsuccessfully searched in the dark for my errant incisors. I thought I had better come back in the morning, when the gold would glitter in the AM sun. So I went front-toothless to the Convention Centre, where Matt had organised front row seats for myself and my former Angel, Cyan, along with a few other guests.

Tyson was introduced by Osher Günsberg, formerly known as Andrew G. was riveting, and although I was deeply disturbed by

for Sydney's late-life desperados since Adam was a boy. I ate a very soft mousse to protect my gums.

I was up again at daylight, prowling in front of Miss Chu, sometimes on my hands and knees, only to find a pair of rosary beads, a five-cent piece and a broken seashell that almost passed for teeth.

The following day, that remarkable man of Middle Eastern appearance, Dr Bernard Zayour, drove from Burwood to look into the space between my surviving fluoride-free teeth. Somehow he seduced the dental mechanic next door, and together they made a play while I settled a legal dispute on my iPhone for the mechanic's family.

Within three hours I once more had a full set of teeth, the colour of ochre, inserted on a plate – unfortunately without any nitrous oxide, which was the only incentive to visit the dentist anyway. My body is starting to decay after years of bingeing on sugar and sugar babes, which do cause diabetes and debt. I have always had a sweet tooth and hoped when I woke the next day, the tooth fairy may have left a coin or two by my bed. **1**



D
2017



THE DISASTER ARTIST

FUNNY MAN SETH ROGEN IS A MAJOR HOLLYWOOD PLAYER. WE FIND OUT WHY HE WANTED TO RECREATE ONE OF THE WORST FILMS IN HISTORY.

SETH Rogen is the master of comic excess. His deep voice, guttural laugh and energetic self are just as much part of the man himself as his multiple screen incarnations. There are no taboos in his wicked world, which has seen him establish himself as a multi-hyphenate director-writer-actor-producer. The prolific Canadian master of raunchy comedy has a long list of impressive credits including *Da Ali G Show*, *Knocked Up*, *Superbad*, *The Green Hornet* and *Bad Neighbours*. Last year he branched out into animated comedy and scored a huge success with the R-rated *Sausage Party*. Interestingly, although Rogen has established himself as a major player in Hollywood and spent almost half his life living in Los Angeles, he still retains a Canadian sensibility.

"There are a lot of cultural differences that Americans don't necessarily recognise," Rogen says. "I think Canadians are generally regarded as being more polite and self-deprecating than Americans, and that's probably true in a general way. I still see myself as an outsider even though my father is American and I'm married to an American."

Together with his frequent producer partner Evan Goldberg (*This is the End*), Rogen is the creative force behind AMC's *Preacher*, the adventure/fantasy TV series starring Dominic Cooper and real-life love interest Ruth Negga. Season two of the acclaimed series will launch in June.

In addition, Rogen is appearing in *The Disaster Artist*, a serio-comic tale about the making of a widely panned 2003 movie *The Room*. The film stars James Franco as the eccentric and thoroughly incompetent director/star, Tommy Wiseau, while Rogen plays a ribald producer. Rogen previously co-starred with his good friend Franco in *The Interview*, the highly controversial satire about North Korea, although this time around it is Franco rather than Rogen who assumes the directing chores. Premiering to rave reviews last month at the SXSW Festival in Austin, Texas, Rogen hailed his long-time Hollywood buddy's performance.

The 35-year-old Rogen was born and raised in Vancouver, Canada, by his American father and Canadian mother. A gifted writer and stand-up comedian as a teen prodigy, he moved to Los Angeles at age 17 where he gained recognition in Judd Apatow's *Freaks and Geeks* series – which is where he first became friends with Franco who also appeared on the show.

Rogen is married to American actress Lauren Miller, who co-starred with him in *50/50*. Known for taking comedy to absurd lengths, Rogen had often admitted to having had a healthy taste for getting high over the years. On a trip to Amsterdam a decade ago, he and a friend wound up on a train to Paris not knowing how they got there. Recalled Rogen: "We went to the train station while fully tripping on mushrooms and we bought train tickets to Paris, 'cause it was kinda close. We turned up in Paris in the middle of the night, just as we were sobering up, and I thought: 'I did so many drugs, I ended up in another country!'"

Seth, your new film *The Disaster Artist* references *The Room*, a cult 2003 movie which is acknowledged by many as one of the worst films of recent history. How much did you know about it before working on this film?

I've seen it more than I've seen, like, *Network*. And that's what we talked most about while we were putting this movie together: Why do we love *The Room*? What's great about this movie? At the end of the day it was the earnestness of a guy who put himself out there, who made the thing. And made a great thing.

You mean, it was so bad it was good?

Yes! There are lots of movies you can say are easy to make fun of, but they are not movies you've watched for a decade. What I liked about it the most was the earnestness of a guy (Tommy Wiseau) who put himself out there.

The real Tommy Wiseau was present in the audience for the first public screening of *The Disaster Artist* at SXSW. Did you speak to him about how he felt?

No, but I hope he liked it.

How do you feel about James Franco's performance as Wiseau?

It may be the most James Franco thing James Franco has ever done. He directed the movie in character. There were scenes where [he was] playing Tommy directing a movie as Tommy directing a movie as Tommy. That was when we were like, "This is fucking weird, man."

One of your other projects ongoing these days is your comic book TV series adaptation, *The Preacher*. How did that come about?

Evan [Goldberg, a childhood friend of Rogen's from Vancouver – ED] and I had been talking about making *The Preacher* for ages. I was in high school when Evan gave me the comic book that his brother had been reading. I fell in love with it. It was so funny and perverted and had tons of action. We pitched the concept a couple of times but no one would go for it. But times change and now you're able to be a lot more creative and daring on TV than you ever were before.

Do you think your Canadian sensibility comes out in your comedy?

It might but I don't think about it and it would probably be very hard to see. My comedy really began in high school, where Evan and I wanted to write about our high school experiences because we thought we could do a better job of that, because we were still in high school and living that experience. Usually the movies you see about high school are written by people who are much older and have a very different mentality and perspective than the teenagers they're writing about.

Your parents were very socially conscious and fairly left-wing. What kind of upbringing did you have?

I had a pretty happy home life and I grew up with a sense of compassion and empathy for people. My parents were always very supportive of me and when I started working on a script with Evan they even bought me Final Draft [a screenplay software program] to help us. That was pretty cool.



**"WE WENT TO THE
TRAIN STATION WHILE
FULLY TRIPPING ON
MUSHROOMS AND
WE BOUGHT TRAIN
TICKETS TO PARIS,
'CAUSE IT WAS
KINDA CLOSE."**





"WATCHING A FILM LIKE THAT, AND SEEING AN ACTOR LIKE ME PLAYING THAT PART, I WOULD HAVE BEEN READY TO MAKE FUN OF ME"

And *Sausage Party* has its own unique style – although I think that jokes about genitals are not that original! [Laughs]

Your acting career has seen you play many different types of characters. But I think you might have surprised a lot of people including your fans with your very serious role as Steve Wozniak in *Steve Jobs*?

I knew there was an inherent risk in being in a serious film like that, and being part of a project written by Aaron Sorkin and doing scenes with Michael Fassbender. I wasn't worried about the role itself, though. I was worried about what the perception might be and how a lot of people would love the chance to tear me apart over it if it didn't come off well. I know that if I was watching a film like that, and seeing an actor like me playing that part, I would have been ready to make fun of me.

Would you like to do more serious roles in the future?

Sure, if directors want to hire me! Personally, I really don't see any big difference between serious and comic roles. One might think that being comical is simple, but ultimately it's a performance. It's damn difficult to make a good comedy. Not only do you need all the elements that you need for a drama, you also have to make the story funny. You're making a promise to the audience that they're going to laugh, and if that doesn't happen then your whole film is dead.

You've helped define a new brand of comedy over the course of your career. Is there any pressure in trying to live up to audiences' expectations?

I try very hard never to think about that. I'm very honoured that I've been able to keep making these kinds of movies and do a lot of wild and despicable things. Every new project is a challenge, and you just hope you don't bore anyone or repeat yourself. I suppose there's some pressure in that, but you always want to make a film that doesn't suck and that people are going to enjoy. That's never going to change. 🍿

Would you like to work in Canada more often? You did *Take That Waltz* (2011) with Michelle Williams, which your fellow Canadian Sarah Polley directed?

I would do more Canadian films if I would get asked to do them. [Laughs] Some of my Canadian friends bug me about not working in Canada more. But I enjoyed working with Sarah on that and I like going back to Canada whenever I have the chance. I shot *The Interview* with James Franco in Vancouver and I've done the Just for Laughs festival in Montreal.

Does it surprise you that so many comic books have turned out to dominate Hollywood movies these days?

I think comic books appeal to the imagination and the fantasy side of people. I read a ton of comic books as a teenager and I loved the more subversive ones as well. We're lucky that so many Hollywood studios have turned so many comic books into massive billion-dollar successes that it probably paved the way for us to finally get *The Preacher* made.

How would you define your brand of humour?

I couldn't define it for you. I always enjoy trying to break down barriers and try something new. The humour in *Bad Neighbours*, for example, is different from what you find in *This is the End*.

Crystal Head

VODKA

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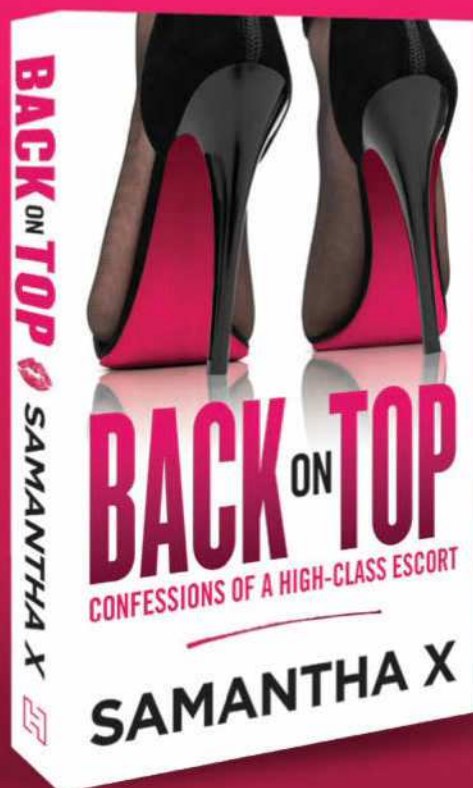


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FEATURE

CHASING DRAGONS

THE CRISIS OF PRESCRIPTION OPIOID DEATHS IS A REMINDER OF THE LONG HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT COMPLICITY IN THE OPIUM TRADE.

BY BEN BOHANE

WHEN people look back on their life to try pinpoint the time when they 'lost their innocence' and came to an understanding of the world as it really is, all kinds of little rites-of-passage loom into view. Was it losing your cherry on the sand at Manly beach one party night? Was it the pressure of your first job and dawn of responsibility? Leaving home and getting a driver's licence? For soldiers, it might be the dehumanising ritual of boot camp and first combat that marked the tender passage into a knowing of thyself and thine world.



In my case, I think it was finding myself as a rookie 21-year-old photojournalist, in 1991, interviewing the biggest opium warlord in the world and realising that the war on drugs was not just a lie, but an elaborate charade run by the very powers that claimed to be fighting it. Curiosity had led to shock and then the reckoning: a coming to terms with state evil.

It had taken six months of networking to get access to General Khun Sa and his fortified Tiger Camp lair in the mountains and jungles of the notorious Golden Triangle region, which intersects northern Thailand, Laos and Myanmar. At the time this region was producing more than 2,400 tons of opium annually, supplying about 80 per cent of the world's heroin. Back then, Afghanistan accounted for roughly the other 20 per cent. Now it has flipped entirely and Afghanistan is the main source while opium production in the Golden Triangle has fallen considerably, replaced by meth factories and ice mules using much the same supply routes.

I'll come to my meeting with 'Prince Prosperous' and his revelations in a moment. First though, a couple of recent news stories that put me in mind of the years I spent covering the war in Burma and how our phone drug war continues to be waged and lost.

A story in *The Sydney Morning Herald* in July this year, quoting the Australian Bureau of Statistics, screamed: *Prescription opioids are killing more Australians than heroin.*

"An analysis of finalised ABS data by researchers at the National Drug and Alcohol Research Centre found 68 per cent of the 668 overdose deaths in 2013 were related to

all the way to the bank and Trump's administration is hardly going to rein them in.

Whether opiates are bought over the counter or sourced in dark alleyways, you'll find a government behind them. Occasionally a little snippet of light gets through the cracks and we glimpse the truth. Take this obituary in July this year of Olive Yang, who is described as a "cross-dressing royal-turned-warlord, whose CIA-supplied army consolidated opium trade routes in the Golden Triangle in the 1950s, had tabloid-fodder romances, and later in life served as a government peace broker with Kokand rebels."

She died at 90, decades after leading a 1,000-strong army of anti-communist Kuomintang (KMT) guerillas in northern Burma, hence their US patronage. They fought Chinese-backed communist guerillas while taxing the caravans of raw opium on their way to the Thai border. Being the gay daughter of the king of Shan state may have given her the licence to boldly be herself: there's a story of how on her wedding night as a young girl, pushed into a family-arranged alliance, she threw a pot of urine over her husband when he tried to consummate the marriage. Later she embarked on a torrid affair with a well-known Burmese actress.

Yang's group was affiliated with Khun Sa's Mong Tai Army (MTA), made up of local Shan child soldiers and Chinese KMT soldiers who had fled China after Mao and his communists took over. I never met Yang, but after a lengthy trek into the foggy mountains of the Golden Triangle, alongside panting donkeys and the occasional elephant, I reached Tiger Camp

WHETHER OPIATES ARE BOUGHT OVER THE COUNTER OR SOURCED IN DARK ALLEYWAYS, YOU'LL FIND A GOVERNMENT BEHIND THEM.

pharmaceutical opioids – a far cry from the heroin epidemic of the 1990s when the majority of opioid deaths were caused by illicit drugs," it said.

It is powerful new opiates such as oxycontin, tramadol and fentanyl (which took both Michael Jackson from his dodgy Neverland ranch and Prince off to his Purple Palace in the sky), that are used as painkillers by ordinary folk, who then find themselves, whoops! – addicted and soon enough, overdosing. While once such drugs were used only for cancer patients and battlefield casualties, now it seems your local GP might give you a fistful to help manage your transitory back pain. A knock-on effect is that many people who found themselves hooked on prescription meds and found supply difficult have turned to heroin instead: hello suburban mum and dad junkies. Be warned.

As Bee Mohammed, chief executive of ScriptWise, told the *SMH*: "The politicians have seen the statistics and state coroners have flagged these numbers, but for some reason they keep diverting funding and resources to illicit drugs... when that's really not the real issue."

In the US prescription opioid overdoses have reached crisis level. When President Trump made his most serious fuck-you threat to North Korea, warning of "fire and fury" if they attacked Guam, he happened to be in a national crisis meeting about opioid deaths at the time. In America, 142 people die every day from opioid overdoses. But Big Pharma keeps laughing

in order to interview Khun Sa.

It happened just after the US had seized Panamanian strongman Manuel Noriega, another CIA operative who knew too much. Following Noriega's capture, suddenly Khun Sa was thrust into the spotlight, named "public enemy number one" by the Drug Enforcement Agency and indicted by a US court on nine drug trafficking charges. It looked like Khun Sa (real name Chiang Chi-Fu; his adopted name means Prince Prosperous in the Shan dialect) was to be the next target – and here I was, about to meet him. Jeez, Khun Sa must be taking extra precautions I thought as I arrived at Tiger Camp, where I was frisked under a monsoonal downpour and led to a little guest house.

So you can imagine my surprise when I interviewed the charming, cigarette-smoking, Chivas Regal-imbibing Prince Prosperous, responsible for most of the world's heroin, some days later, and he waved all concern away with a regal sweep of his hand.

"Oh that's nothing. It's just a newspaper war. The CIA – they're my friends," he said, smiling like a cat. "I am not American and the charges do not concern me. The simple fact is, the DEA and CIA don't want to stop opium production in the Golden Triangle, because then they won't have any job, any money or any power left!" he laughed.

"How else do you explain the rise in opium production and the fact that no major drug seizures have ever been made here?"







**AT THE TIME, THIS REGION WAS
PRODUCING MORE THAN 2,400
TONS OF OPIUM ANNUALLY,
SUPPLYING ABOUT 80 PER CENT
OF THE WORLD'S HEROIN**

He was well aware of the dangers of opium but insisted he had no choice because opium, was the only crop that poor and remote Shan farmers could cultivate to give them enough money to live on for the year. He claimed to be a "scapegoat" in the opium trade, singling out the DEA and CIA as being largely responsible for it and alleging they had "meddled in this region for too long". The US had ignored his seven-year plan to convert opium fields to cash crops and rice and in 1976 rejected an offer he made to sell the annual opium harvest for US\$300 million, promising to eradicate the fields permanently. He was told by US officials that they "don't deal with blackmailers".

"There are only two people in the world who want to get rid of opium – the mother of the addict and myself," he said, and then asked, "How come the US spends more than a billion dollars on fighting drugs but they are unable to stop the flow?"

While his comments were an attempt to duck the spotlight, they have some factual basis. We need to understand that the history of opium is the history of empires. It was the Dutch and their East Indies Company who first traded in opium in the 17th and 18th centuries. The French quite openly taxed opium as a way to pay for their colonial administrations in Indochina. But it was the British who really, ahem, gave the drug trade a shot in the arm. Finding that the Celestial Kingdom had no great interest in British products at a time when Britain was desperate for Chinese tea, they fought two wars to force China into accepting opium. Hong Kong island was one of the prizes for British victory and many of the big British trading

distribution. During the '60s and '70s the CIA, through its Air America program, was responsible for basically flying in weapons to anti-communist guerrillas in Laos and Cambodia – and flying out "Number 4 (best) grade" heroin.

It wasn't just about making money. Part of the rationale was to get blacks, hippies and war dissenters back home hooked so they could be controlled: it was social conditioning. This information became so well known that it has trickled down into pop culture and even some Hollywood films have slyly tackled it – Mel Gibson's *Air America* references the gun-for-drugs operation and the stateside impact is central to *American Gangster*, starring Denzel Washington and Russell Crowe.

Later investigations into collusion, such as Gary Webb's journalistic exposure in the 1980s of complicity between US intelligence and the Contras in Nicaragua, who just happened to be major cocaine traffickers, was also highlighted in a film called *Kill The Messenger*.

And now? Following Khun Sa's peaceful death in 2007 in Yangon, completely untouched by the US, is it any surprise that Afghanistan has since emerged as the world's largest opium producer? The US has some responsibility here too, particularly given that the Taliban declared its intention to destroy poppy cultivation when it first captured the country. The trade has since flourished because of the war. You could say the seeds were planted even earlier. In the 1950s, as part of a massive infrastructure project to help the king of Afghanistan modernise his nation, the US built massive

WHEN THE AMERICANS BECAME INVOLVED, THEY PRETTY MUCH TOOK OVER THE OPIUM TRADE TO HELP PAY FOR IT

houses there, such as Jardines, first made their fortune in the opium trade.

When the Americans became involved in the wars of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, they pretty much took over the opium trade to help pay for it. Professor Alfred McCoy did some fascinating research that was published in 1972 in his now famous book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, which the CIA tried unsuccessfully to ban. In it he traces US covert links to the drug trade back to WWII. At the time US Naval Intelligence was concerned about Nazi infiltration and several sabotage incidents on the East Side docks in New York, where merchant ships were a vital lifeline to Britain and the war effort. They had to control security on the wharves at a time when the docks were being run by powerful wharfies and unions with links to the Italian mafia.

Enter Charles 'Lucky' Luciano, a Sicilian mobster who did a deal with US authorities to provide security on the wharves in return for a blind eye turned to his narcotics trade. During the invasion of Sicily, the allies also used the mafia's network as they pushed deeper into Italy to defeat Mussolini, often installing known mafiosi as town mayors.

The links between US intelligence, the Italian mafia and the Corsican underworld continued well into the '50s and '60s, as mobster Santo Trafficante inherited Luciano's network. So when the US became involved in the Indochina wars they already had a powerful underground network in place for

dams and irrigation projects in the otherwise dry Helmand province. Today Helmand is the centre of opium cultivation in Afghanistan, as highlighted in Adam Curtis's BBC documentary *Bitter Lake*.

So it seems whether you get hooked on junk through prescription drugs or from your man in a dark alley, both avenues are rooted in government complicity. Disgust at this state of affairs should be enough to wean you off riding the dragon.

After my trip to see Khun Sa I was invited to address a packed audience at Bangkok's Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand, where I duly reported Khun Sa's claims of CIA complicity and noted the long imperial history of the drug trade. A man in a bad cream suit stood up, announcing in a Southern drawl that he was from the US embassy, and angrily denounced any accusations of complicity as "lies and fabrications". Looking back I'm somewhat amazed by my unguarded honesty and perhaps naivety in speaking out, but perhaps that's what happens when you lose your innocence and get angry for feeling duped.

Ever since I have followed a basic journalist credo: don't believe anything until it has been officially denied. The drug war is bogus, while the powers behind it continue to shape our geopolitics. There is simply way too much black money to be made, which is why it's much more profitable for those who wish to keep it illegal – gangs and governments alike. ❶

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FORUM

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SURPRISE FLING

HOOKING up with a client for a weekend conference can be fun. He goes off and spends his day learning how estate and succession planning impacts upon production capacity whilst I relax and think up erotic scenarios to play that night (or lunch if there's time). My time is much better spent!

Recently I was on such a trip with a regular client, staying at Palazzo Versace on the Gold Coast, as his guest during a three day conference at Broadbeach. It's a bit of a hike between the two, but Palazzo Versace is such a lovely secluded spot that I recommended it. I certainly made it worthwhile on our first night and as he dragged himself to the door to leave for the day's lectures, promising to return for a quick lunch where I was to be the only item on the menu. I gave him a long kiss as he left, with a playful rub of the bulge in his pants for good measure, and guaranteed him that it would be worth it.

During my wait I decided to soak up some sun by the pool and found the perfect spot: a lounge chair in full sun. I proceeded to liberally oil myself (I like to be brown), perfectly aware of the effect that the sight of my glistening body in a string bikini was having on the men passing by. There was one particular older gentleman, sitting at a table under an umbrella with a laptop open in front of him, who couldn't take his eyes off me. I must have really had my slutty-tease head on that day because before settling into the chair I lowered my sunglasses and flashed him a smile.

Thinking no more of it I let the heat have its way with me, slowly melting into the chair and drifting into a steamy dream world full of erotic images of what I intended to do to my date- hell, he'd be lucky if I didn't kill him. How long I was like that I couldn't say but it must have been a while, I could feel the sweat trickling down between my breasts. A polite cough and a quietly spoken "Excuse me Miss McQueen" had



Christine McQueen

“
**MY DOUBLE D'S
RECEIVED A TONGUING
SO EXPERT MY NIPPLES
WERE AS HARD
AS NAILS**
”

me opening my eyes. It was a waiter with a tall glass of what appeared to be sparkling water on his tray.

"Thanks Bobby (I've stayed a Palazzo Versace a few times), that's so sweet of you. How did you know I needed this?"

"I didn't- it's from the gentleman over there" he said pointing to my friend in the shade.

It was not an original approach, I've been offered drinks from men most of my life, but there was something genuinely open about the smile he gave me as I nodded

my thanks. Fuck it, I thought, let see what sort of game this guy's got, so I stood up and walked over.

He looked in his 50's, not handsome or built, but in reasonable shape. He stood up as I arrived, a nice touch, and introduced himself as Doug. We sat and chatted, small talk mainly about the weather and what brought us to the Gold Coast- he said he was there on business to which I replied 'me too'. While we talked, I had been leaning forward, giving him a good look at my tits and suggestively stroking my glass with my fingers. It was the least I could do for the drink, it wasn't going to lead to anything, my date was due back soon.

Just as I was about to say goodbye I received a text from my date, saying that he was held up in a meeting and wouldn't be back for lunch. He reminded me that the big conference dinner was still on, then he ended the message with something about keeping my motors warm.

I frowned. Warm? They were blazing hot! All this flirting with Doug had me so horny!

Obviously concerned, Doug asked "Bad news?"

"My lunch date just cancelled" I replied, then lifted my eyes up from the phone, smiled, and thought, Doug... this is going to be your lucky day!

"Let me take their place," he innocently offered.

"Definitely," was my only reply.

"I'll take my computer back to my room then meet you in the bar?"

"Wait," I said "I'll go in with you."

Going back to my chair I donned the chiffon robe and 4" Louboutin's that I'd worn down to the pool (I don't do anything by halves), came back and took his arm as we entered the hotel. To the disbelieving looks from the scattering of men around the pool, I gave a wry smile, hoping that it conveyed the message "bad luck boys, if you'd played your cards right, this could





have been you".

Stopping at the elevators Doug said, "I'll drop this in my suite then wait in the lobby bar while you freshen up".

"Oh, you have a suite? I've never been in one at Palazzo Versace. May I come and look?"

"It would be my pleasure".

God, his manners were getting me so wet I almost jumped him in the elevator. He opened the door to his suite and ushered me in, leaving it open as he followed me in. As he walked over to a table and placed his computer on top I turned and pushed the door. It closed with a satisfying thud.

Doug turned, his look of surprise widening as he realised that it was me that had closed the door. I slowly walked towards him, so silent that we heard the wisp as I let the chiffon robe fall off my skin. With my heels I was slightly taller but I kept them on, he was obviously enjoying the view.

His first kiss was a little tentative, but he rapidly warmed to the task. The bikini top was quickly off and my double D's received a tonguing so expert my nipples were as hard as nails. That was it for me, I dropped to my knees and had his pants around his ankles in an instant and proceeded to suck on what I had just freed. I didn't need to get it hard, it was already like an iron bar, throbbing in time to his pulse. I stood up and almost pushed him onto the upholstered chair a few steps behind, removing his shoes and pants before really going to work.

He trimmed (good grief, was there no end to the man's good etiquette?) so I gave his balls a polish that any car detailer would be proud of. I went back to his shaft and, with a mixture of deep throat and normal, had his hips bucking in no time. His load, when he blew, was impressive and had that slight pineapple tang that I like. Giving him no time to recover I led him into the bedroom, letting him know that we were in no way finished. That was where my surprise waited for me.

I should have known what in store: he gave ample warning with my nipples. Not only did Doug know what to do with his tongue, he really got off on it. That slow gentle swirl around my swollen clit drove me wild, my orgasm when it came was so intense I squeezed my legs together, for a moment I feared I might have suffocated him. He just lifted himself up with a big grin on his face and another erection- I'd definitely picked a winner!

After a moment to catch my breath I suggested a 69, but he had other ideas. He wanted me to straddle his face so he

could watch my expressions and bouncing tits as he worked his magic. To my delight I found that the base of his nose was at just the right spot for my clit as he tongued my pussy- it doesn't get any better. I reached back and grabbed his cock, sliding my hand up and down in time to my rocking back and forward on his face. Our pace increased and I rode him like we were in the home straight of the Melbourne Cup. It must have been a sight, one of my hands holding tight on his hair, the other on his cock, tits bouncing and his hands on my hips urging me to go faster - God I wish I'd turned on my camera.

The feel of his cum hitting my back threw me over the top and I came in a torrent, juices flowing down my inner thighs and onto the sheets. Reluctantly lifting myself off I saw Doug's dripping wet chin, his eyes closed, and a look of total contentment on his face. Leaning over and kissing him I could still taste my pussy and cum on his tongue.

“
**THAT SLOW GENTLE
SWIRL AROUND MY
SWOLLEN CLIT DROVE
ME WILD**
”

We were both in need of water so I got up and went to the mini-bar to get a bottle of Perrier. I saw my bag on the way back, stopped and got out a condom (I always come prepared) and as we sipped I started to tease his cock again. It took a little while but I was eventually rewarded for my efforts. This time we just fucked, a variety of positions, finishing off with a reverse cowgirl because he wanted to cum watching my arse.

Lying by his side I glanced at the clock. Shit, my date would be back soon so I started to get up. Doug asked me to stay, which I politely declined, then offered to take me out for dinner, since he'd failed to provide lunch.

"It's only a work dinner, but I don't have to stay too long if that sounds boring. I had intended to go stag."

"I can't Doug, I have a previous engagement."

He didn't press, again the impeccable manners, but he did ask if he could see me again. I hesitated, this afternoon had been a chance thing for me, who knew how he'd

react if I explained that normally I would expect to be paid for what happened. So I asked for his number, telling him that things were complicated and I'd think it over but all the while intending to leave him with a memory of an afternoon with a mysterious, sexy woman and a belief that incredible things do happen.

I returned to my room, still tingling all over, and showered to the thoughts of Doug and his talented tongue. I stepped out, refreshed, just as my date walked in. Now I am a highly sexed individual, I make no apologies for it. But that day I surprised even myself because as soon as I saw my date I started getting that warm buzz again between my thighs.

He only got half way through his apology for missing our midday rendezvous when I started climbing all over him like a monkey up its favourite tree. He has talents of his own, including great stamina, which saw us well over an hour later collapsing onto the bed exhausted. When I got my breath back I asked if we could stay as we were, skip the conference dinner and just have room service.

"Can't babe. The keynote speaker has just been appointed the company CEO, so I have to be there. We're going to be late enough as it is."

Bowing to the inevitable I quickly showered and dressed (an occupational necessity) and jumped in the cab with my date, travelling to the Broadbeach ballroom where the function was being held. We were very late, the introduction of the keynote speaker was just finishing as we walked in but we used the subsequent applause to mask our arrival. Sitting down at our table my date grabbed a waiter and asked for our meals, we'd both pre-ordered vegetarian so he hoped they'd still be available. They were, and sighing with relief (I was starving), I finally looked at the speaker behind the podium. It was Doug.

He saw me and his mouth broke into a wide smile. I managed a smirk, my date oblivious as the food had just arrived, and I started to eat whilst pondering the question...

Just what was their company's policy on threesomes?

It never happened. I spent the rest of the time with my date, who blew off the last day to go snorkelling with me (we certainly scared a few fish). Checking my emails in the airport lounge I found one from Doug, seems he'd done a little Google detective work, thanking me and asking to see me in the future- professionally.

I now see both men, though regretfully

not together (too difficult with office politics), and enjoy my time with them immensely. I also have that little extra sense of anticipation whenever I get booked for a corporate weekend away- look for me by the pool!

- **Christine McQueen**

WEDDING SWINGERS

WHEN I was invited to an old college friend's wedding in Europe, my wife was less than thrilled. Unlike most women I know, Jess hates weddings. She hates having to get dressed up, to put on makeup and do her hair, and she really hates socializing with crowds of strangers. But I didn't want to miss my old friend's big day, and so I lured Jess to Spain with promises of a much-deserved vacation afterward.

She still wasn't very excited, but she dutifully bought a new dress for the event and packed her bags with all the necessary "girly" accessories she hated so that I could show her off at the wedding. By the time we got to Spain, she'd even warmed up to the idea of having to go to the wedding, joking that maybe I'd get lucky and a bridesmaid would take me to bed that night. That was how we'd met—she was the maid of honour in her sister's wedding and I was one of the groom's fraternity brothers. After the best man got too sloshed to so much as stand up straight, I'd swooped in and asked Jess to dance with me instead. The rest, as they say, is history. But aside from that wedding, and our own, Jess had never enjoyed herself at any other matrimonial celebration. Still, I hoped that she'd at least muddle through this one without hating it too much.

The ceremony itself was nice, but not exactly a rollicking good time, and as we headed to the reception site, I could tell Jess was already plotting her escape. I wanted her to last at least through dinner before she made a break for it, so I decided we should play one of our favourite games while we mingled with the other guests.

See, Jess and I are swingers, and every now and then, when we're out, we'll scope out other couples or single women and select who we'd like to take to bed with us. I figured getting Jess to look at the other wedding guests as potential partners would make her enjoy herself a little more, so I asked her if she saw anyone who struck her fancy.

For a while, we checked out couples, and

there were a few that Jess found attractive, but none really made her stop dead in her tracks. For some couples she liked the husband, and others the wife, but not both of them, ever. Which meant swapping—for real or as a fantasy—was out of the question. After a while, I suggested she turn her attention to the single guests. It upped the chances that she'd find someone she liked. I love sharing Jess. I began hoping she'd find an appealing partner and make a play. I get a huge thrill knowing that my wife is giving someone else all the pleasure I get to enjoy from her. In fact, I like seeing or hearing about Jess's exploits more than I enjoy getting involved in my own.

Once Jess had turned her attention to the singles at the reception, I thought it would be only a matter of moments before she found someone. But the wedding was huge—more than 300 guests—and Jess was definitely being picky. Still, the game kept her entertained long enough to get

“

**SHE SUCKED ONE OF MY
WIFE'S PALE PINK
NIPPLES, MAKING JESS
MOAN EXCITEDLY**

”

through the cocktail hour and into the main room for dinner. And that's when she saw her mark.

As the wedding party filed into the hall, Jess grabbed my hand and surreptitiously indicated the woman who had finally caught her eye. The third bridesmaid who entered the room had Jess practically drooling, and I had to agree that the woman was quite striking. She was tall, like Jess, and had beautiful caramel skin and lustrous jet-black hair. She had a full, soft-looking body, with wide hips and a nice round ass. She was the opposite of my pale, slender wife, but she was absolutely Jess's type.

I knew immediately that Jess was going to stick it out for the rest of the night—and that she was going to make that bridesmaid hers.

For a while we had to sit through all the rote wedding activities: the first dance, the parents, the speeches, the meal. But once the plates were cleared and the DJ turned up the music, Jess grabbed me and dragged me onto the dance floor, making sure she got as close to her bridesmaid

as possible. Soon enough, I was left to my own devices while Jess got down with the other woman—whose name we now knew was Karina.

I went back to our table and had another glass of wine while I watched Jess and Karina groove. They were dancing extremely close, grinding on each other, and it was the hottest thing I'd seen in quite a while. And it made me want to see them together even more—preferably with a lot less silk and taffeta in the way.

I figured I had a while before the two of them got up to anything more salacious, so I headed over to another table to catch up with some old friends, leaving Jess and her new dance partner alone. But apparently I'd misjudged how horny my wife was—and how attracted Karina was to her.

The DJ announced that cake was about to be cut and we should all return to our tables, so I headed back to my seat, hoping to hear from Jess how her flirtation was progressing. Instead, she told me that as soon as the cake was served, I should





go up to the bridal suite on the second floor and take a seat behind the privacy screen that had been set up in the corner. She promised that she and Karina would join me shortly.

I devoured my slice of cake as soon as it was handed to me and then raced up to the second floor. From behind the privacy screen in the bridal suite I could easily see the large day bed across the room, and I positioned a small stool right by the seam in the screen so I could watch my wife without being spotted by her partner.

I'd just gotten comfortable and unzipped my pants, knowing I'd want to jack off, when the two women stumbled into the room, already kissing and pawing at each other.

They slammed the door behind them as they entered, and Karina quickly locked it, ensuring they'd have some privacy. Then they tripped across the room to the bed and collapsed onto it, kissing and groping each other frantically. They were both so excited, their breathing heavy and their bodies moving together desperately, that

they didn't bother undressing each other—getting naked would have taken too long and it was clear they were in too much of a hurry.

Karina pulled down the top of Jess's strapless dress and kissed down her neck and chest until she could pull a nipple between her lips. She sucked one of my wife's pale pink nipples, making Jess moan excitedly, and then bit down on it lightly before switching to the other breast. As her head moved, I saw the trail of lipstick marks she'd left on Jess's skin, and the burgundy lip prints were as sexy as hell against my wife's porcelain flesh.

Karina seemed to be enjoying my wife's small, perky tits as much as I always do, and as I watched her move back and forth between Jess's breasts, I started to rub myself through my pants. I was already incredibly hard, and I knew I wouldn't last very long, but I hoped I wouldn't come until I'd seen at least a little more action.

Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long. Jess always gets super-hot when she has her nipples sucked, and this time was

no different. She was getting incredibly aroused, and Karina knew just how to help her get off. The bridesmaid pushed up the hem of my wife's short dress and slipped her hand underneath. I couldn't see what she was doing, but from Jess's reaction, it was easy to guess.

Karina really knew what she was doing, and as she fingered my wife, Jess panted and moaned loudly, her body twisting and contorting under the other woman as she fought to increase the sensations she was experiencing.

The more my wife moaned and shook, the more excited I got, and I pushed my hand into my boxers to better stimulate myself. I knew Jess was going to come soon, and I wanted to come with her.

A minute or so later, I saw my wife throw her head back and release a strangled cry as she climaxed. I stroked myself faster as she came, and after only a few moments, an orgasm rocketed through me, too. I shot off into my handkerchief, trying hard to keep quiet.

But the women weren't done yet. Now



that Jess had gotten what she most wanted—an orgasm—she was ready to focus her attention on Karina's pleasure.

Jess loves eating pussy, and as soon as Karina had removed her fingers from Jess, my wife flipped their bodies around and pushed the other woman's full skirt up. Karina helped her, gathering the layers of silk and taffeta in her arms, and then Jess pulled down Karina's panties. With Karina's undies off, Jess pulled the woman to the edge of the day bed, angling her so I could see Karina's full bush and plump pussy lips. Then, after a quick glance in my direction, Jess dove in excitedly.

Watching Jess appreciate another woman is one of my favourite things, and I knew she was especially going to enjoy Karina. She spread the woman's thighs, and then gently used her fingertips to open her up before planting her mouth against Karina's slit and thrusting her tongue inside.

I watched my wife's head move between Karina's thighs, and then moved my gaze upward to Karina's face. Her eyes were closed, and she was biting her lip as she clutched the skirt of her dress at her breasts. I could tell from the way she was

“
**I COULD READ
HER LIPS, 'HE'S
FUCKING ME
SOOOOO GOOD**
”

tossing and turning her head and how firmly her teeth appeared to be clenching her lip that she was highly aroused. Even though I'd already come, I felt myself getting hard again, and I started jerking my dick once more.

I was so turned on watching my wife with her new friend that I could barely hear anything other than the blood pounding in my ears. But somehow, over the sound of my out-of-control heart, I heard Jess noisily lapping at the other woman's pussy and sighing happily as she did so. That spurred me on, and I stroked myself faster. I was already pretty worked up from the show my wife was giving me, and I came in record time.

As I shot my load, I never took my eyes off

the women on the bed, and my attention was on them when Karina surrendered to her pleasure. She cried out loudly and grasped my wife's head between her thick thighs. Jess never let up as the other woman climaxed, and she didn't pull back until Karina had come down from her orgasmic high.

In all, they'd been together maybe 15 minutes, but already it was probable that at least Karina's absence had been noticed. After sharing one more sloppy kiss, they straightened their dresses, touched up their makeup, and headed back to the party.

I waited another minute before I ducked out of the bridal suite, taking the time to clean myself up before I rejoined the party downstairs.

When I got back into the ballroom, Jess was already at our table, sipping from a glass of champagne while Karina danced with her fellow bridesmaids. No one appeared to have noticed anything amiss, and the rest of the night went by as you'd expect.

I'm pretty sure, though, that Jess won't turn down a wedding invitation ever again.

—K.G., Sydney, NSW

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A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white lace bodysuit and high heels, is posing on a balcony. She is seen from the back, with one leg raised and bent. The balcony has a metal railing and a wicker chair. The background shows a cityscape under a bright sky.

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A full-page photograph of Charli Dean. She is a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, looking over her shoulder at the camera. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear with a sheer panel. She is standing in front of a white, tufted, ornate chair. The background is white.

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THE GREAT EMU WAR

A LITTLE-KNOWN HISTORIC BATTLE HIGHLIGHTS AN UNUSUAL DEFEAT FOR THE REVERED AUSTRALIAN ARMY.

BY BEN POBJIE

AUSTRALIAN history is littered with stirring tales of military excellence, of Diggers fighting bravely and brilliantly, defying the odds and stunning the world with our natural antipodean prowess. But there is one triumph that is sadly often overlooked, purely because the vanquished enemy happened to be the Australian Army itself, and the plucky Aussies who won the victory were not, in a technical sense, human. It's historical bigotry – but luckily we can finally set that right.

The Great Emu War of 1932 was sparked by the farmers of Western Australia and their frustration with the vast hordes of emus destroying their crops. These lanky, feathered, vegetarian velociraptors swept across the farmlands in their tens of thousands, making the task of living off the land – already difficult due to the Depression – almost impossible. The farmers, being proud Australians committed to honouring their national customs, complained to the government. The government's response was simple: send in the army. Major GPW Meredith of the Royal Australian Artillery travelled to WA with two subordinates and a brace of Lewis guns, with which he was to shoot down the rapacious birds with extreme prejudice.

Traditional thinking, in both the realms of military history and of comparative zoology, would have it that the average flightless bird is at a severe disadvantage in direct conflict with the average gas-operated truck-mounted pan-magazine 500-rounds-per-minute automatic machine gun. Traditional thinking, though, has its limitations – and so it proved.

The Royal Artillery began with the obvious: herding the emus into a large group so they could be efficiently mown down. This hit a snag with the discovery that the emu is a masterful guerrilla fighter. At the first whiff of an ambush they immediately split into myriad small groups running every which way, making it impossible for the guns to draw a bead on a single mass of birds. Later Meredith had his men lie in wait by a dam for more than a thousand emus who were coming for a drink. Twelve emus laid down their lives that day but



then the gun jammed and the rest scarpered, proving once and for all that when it comes to operational reliability, an emu beats a Lewis gun every time.

Beyond their tactical acumen, the emus proved stunningly resilient in combat. All the intelligence the Australian Defence Force had gathered up to that time had indicated that a bullet would cause considerable inconvenience to a bird when applied directly to the flesh. Not so for the hardy emu. To their dismay, the soldiers discovered that when you shot an emu, more often than not it just kept running. To actually bring an emu down you had to keep pumping in the lead and the damn thing was probably out of range by the time you loosed enough ammo at it. It was an intolerable situation for a proud soldier: not only was it fiendishly difficult to hit the birds as they split up and weaved erratically across the plains, but even if you did hit them it bothered them about as much as a moderately aggressive mosquito. Major Meredith wrote that emus were a formidable foe in the vein of the Zulus, noting, "If we had a military division with the bullet-carrying capacity of these birds it would face any army in the world."

In the end the government recognised the futility of trying to eradicate emus with their feeble mortal weapons, and the army withdrew after some rather pointed questions in parliament, including a query to the Minister of Defence as to whether medals would be struck for service in the Emu Campaign. A bounty system encouraging locals to hunt their own emus proved more effective in the end, and the Emu War passed into history. The only remaining question being: why exactly don't we have a military division of emus?

Ben Pobjie is an author and comedian who can be found writing for the ABC, Crikey, Fairfax and anyone else who'll have him. He lives in Melbourne with a wife, three children, one cat and a rising sense of panic. His new book, Aussie Aussie Aussie!, a collection of comedic biographies of Australian history's greatest figures, is out now through Affirm Press. ❶

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